

The Little People

The Boys We Need

Here's to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work,
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk;

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can,
Who always keeps the right in view
And aims to be a man.

All honor to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legend on the shield is this
"Right always wins the day."

—Selected.

JUNIOR LESSON FOR AUGUST 21

Practical Uses of the Bible.—Ps. 119: 97-105

Dear Boys and Girls:—Have you ever read your Bible? Has any one else ever read the Bible for you? Do you know anything about the Bible? Suppose we have a little examination, perhaps we can find out what you know, or you may find out how little you know. Can you answer the following questions:

1. Into how many parts is the Bible divided?
 2. How many books in the Old Testament?
 3. How many books in the New Testament?
 4. How many books in the whole Bible?
 5. What is the name of the first book in the Old Testament?
 6. What is the name of the last book in the Old Testament?
 7. What is the name of the first book in the New Testament?
 8. What is the name of the last book in the New Testament?
 9. What book comes next to John's gospel?
 10. What book comes just before Romans?
- But suppose you would know all about these things, would that in itself do you any good? It is not enough to know the Bible, we must practice its teachings, that is we must do what it says.

Are there any boys who do not know that it is wrong to swear? Most boys certainly know that the Bible forbids it. Then why do they swear? It is not because they do not know better. We are to make a practical use of the Bible. How may we do this? We do this by obeying it. The Bible is a good book as a history. There are many things that the world would never have known if the Bible had not recorded it. Then we ought to use the Bible to live by. It tells us how to live. In the Bible you find how to treat your neighbor. If everybody would do just as the Bible tells them the world would be a great deal better than it is. There would be no swearing, no stealing, no lying, no fighting, no quarrelling, no cross words spoken, everybody would be kind. We would need no jails, no policemen, no officers to arrest people. The right way to use the Bible is to obey it.

THE RED AND GREEN FLOWERPOTS

"One for Grace and one for Flossy!" Aunt Gertie had said when she came clear up from Hockanum in her usual state of bundles and bandboxes, and two extra newspaper ones this time, for she had remembered that it was her twin nieces' birthday. There's an odd thing I've noticed about twin birthdays. Instead of halving the presents, you are apt to get double. It's the way with a good many things you try to go shares with.

Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

She gave them a gold dollar apiece (this was in the days when they were coining gold dollars) and a newspaper bundle. When they undid the string, there was the sweetest little gold-banded flowerpots, green and red, so they would know them apart, and in each one a splendid cloth-of-gold rose, with a bud or two, tho neither had blossomed.

Well! you know what they said about it—just what *you* would have said. And how they watched those roses! Those rose plants, I should have said, for they were the slowest things that ever tried to blossom. To be sure, I don't suppose it helps a plant much to get up at midnight, so to speak, and poke around its roots with your mother's longest hairpin, or even gently, ever so gently, blow open the shy, wonderful buds that wait their own sweet time to blossom.

And one morning there was a blossom—on Flossy's. Grace couldn't see that hers showed a sign of blooming, any more than it had for a week past. But there was Flossy's! Oh, dear me! I do hope you don't know how she felt; I mean I hope you never felt that way. She felt envy and covetousness and all uncharitableness. That is what the Bible calls such feelings. It means that you are selfish and hateful, and don't want anybody else to be happy if you can't.

All at once a dreadful thought sprang up in her heart. It is sure to, if you let those first thoughts get a foothold.

"I just b'lieve I could *change* those roses, and nobody'd ever know!"

The next minute she had done it. She ran and got a newspaper; then she carefully tipped the plants out and laid them on their side. Then she changed them quick as wink—the lovely new rose in her own green flowerpot, the slow little budded one into Flossy's. Then she crept back to bed, that might have been full of burdock burrs, for all the comfort she found in it.

She thought that nobody knew! Let me tell you, the *plant* knew. Do you suppose it would go on blooming for a girl like that? When morning fairly came and both the little girls jumped out of bed and ran as usual to the sunny window where their roses were, there was a wilting rose plant in each pretty pot, and on one of them a rose drooped sadly, and on one a bud. That was the only difference.

"Oh, you poor thing!" cried Flossy, when she saw that. "I'm *awful* sorry for you, Gracie, for look! yours had a rose all bloomed.

Then Grace burst out sobbing and crying, and it was an hour before they got the truth out of her. But when they did, her mother said, "Served you right! I'm sorry for Flossy, tho."

Her auntie said, "Served you right! And Flossy shall have another."

But sweet little Flossy put her arms round her little sister and kissed her, and said it was no matter. If Aunt Gertie *did* give her another, they'd go halves with the roses.

Our Young People

The Story of a Statue

The story in the following verses is told of the statue of David, by Michael Angelo, at Florence:

In a far and ancient city,
'Neath the blue Italian sky,
Where rich treasures art has gathered,
As the years roll swiftly by;
Treasures vast of painting, sculpture,
Rare mosaic, carving strange;
Stands a statue that has witnessed
Four long centuries of change.

Long ago a block of marble
To that city fair was borne;
Marble free from stain or flaw-mark,
Pure as pearly cloud of morn,
And the rulers sought a sculptor,
Bade him carve a statue grand,
That it might adorn their city,
Fair as any in the land.

But the sculptor's hand, unskillful,
Marred the beauty of the stone:
It was cast aside as worthless,
Left unheeded and alone;
Covered o'er with dust and rubbish,
Vanished all its beauty rare;
So it lay—spoilt, ruined, wasted!
Lay through many a weary year.

Till a young and unknown sculptor,
Passing by, with thoughtful brow,
Saw the stone, and said, "An angel
Hides within it even now."
"Take the stone, and free the angel,"
Said the rulers, half in scorn.
Many a day the artist labored,

Saw the statue stand completed;
And the rulers proud declared
He had found the hidden angel
In the marble once so marred.
And in place of highest honor
Glad they set the statue fair;
While the city rang with praises
Of the sculptor's skill so rare.

Read ye not a deeper meaning
In this tale of long ago—
Story of a soul's salvation
From the depths of sin and woe?
Made by God in perfect beauty,
Crown of all his Eden bright;
Ruined, lost by sin and Satan,
Hidden far from love and light.

Till the great, the heavenly Artist,
Cleansed away each soil and stain,
Carved and shaped, until in beauty
Shone God's image forth again.
Then the Master's hand removed it
To the place prepared above,
While the heavenly city echoed
Praises to redeeming love.

PRACTICAL USES OF THE BIBLE

Ps. 119: 97-105

Topic for August 21

Here is a topic which ought to draw a testimony from every one. No matter what be your standing or occupation in the world, no matter what your past